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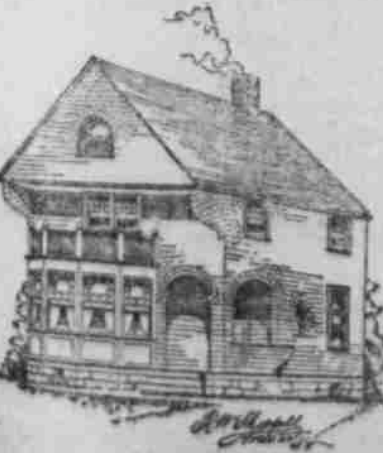
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Highest Price paid for country produce. We solicit a share of your patronage. 12 State Street

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Hauling of all kinds. Best work. Wagon at every train.

THEN AND NOW.

In tables of the Golden Age No more delight our poets seek. For now the North has waxed so sage. The South is wiser than the Greek.

Before the might of Learning's powers, The myths and wisdom of the Past Have perished like the autumn flowers Before the icy northern blast.

The scalpet and the microscope Demand the laurel of the lyre. And what later bard can hope To wake for these the ancient fire?

Sweeter it is to shut our eyes To all that we have lived among, And seek in dreams the sunny skies And hills that saw the bird of song:

The time that held the poet's name As holy, and his native vale Board sweeter notes than ever came From any thorn-stung nightingale:

When every youth whose soul was moved To poetry from early years, Was by the Muse well beloved And held in honor of his peers

And every maid with mind above The level of the vulgar throng, Was priestess of the Queen of Love, Or sibyl of the Lord of Song.

—J. T. Levens in Chambers Journal.

SAM.

In the year 18—my duties as United States engineer led me to the little town of Bogville. Upon arriving at this place I found out that I would be obliged to make a journey of about thirty miles through the woods on horseback in order to reach the spot at which my survey was to begin. This was evidently caused by a mistake of the official who had given me my orders, and there was nothing left for me to do except yield myself to my fate and make the trip as best I could. Accordingly I hired the best pony to be found in Bogville, which pony, by the way, was as pitiable a looking animal as it has ever been my misfortune to ride. However, I resigned myself to the inevitable, and the morning after my arrival at Bogville saw me traveling slowly through the woods mounted upon the pony, which I had named Lazarus.

The day was excessively hot, and my steed seemed to creep. The woods were thick and black, and the little road was overgrown with underbrush. Trailing vines festooned the path, and evinced an irresistible propensity for catching me under the nose and almost unseating me. My temper gradually got the best of me, and I gave vent to it freely, as there was no one within hearing. More and more slowly did Lazarus move along the path, and I soon saw that he would be unable to finish the trip that day. In vain I swore at him—in vain I thrashed him—he accepted both with indifference. About ten of the thirty miles yet remained, and I could plainly see that Lazarus would lie down in a few minutes. Still I forced him on and we still advanced, but slowly.

I was just trying to reconcile myself to the unpleasant thought of passing the night in the swamp when I heard a sound. So unexpected was it that I reined in Lazarus, and listened. Again I heard it, and this time I recognized the source of it. It was some one playing on the banjo. Here a slight interruption was caused by Lazarus suddenly lying down. Freeing myself from the stupid little beast, and giving him a kick as farewell, I walked in the direction of the music, which had begun again with redoubled strength. In a few minutes I came to a sharp turn in the road, and just then the banjo performer began singing. I stopped and listened. The words were those of an old minstrel song, and the voice was evidently that of a negro boy. He only sang this one verse:

Oh, Sam, you put that banjo down, Oh, Sam! You good fur nothin' lazy boun, Oh, Sam! Go drive the pigs in out the rain: Milk the cows for Liza Jane: Liza's got the hoopin' cough, The old man's drunk in the stable lof, Oh, Sam!

The song wound up with a wild flourish upon the banjo, and the playing ceased. Turning the bend in the road I saw the performer. He was, as I expected, a negro boy, and looked about sixteen years old. He had not seen me yet, and I was able to obtain a good view of him.

He sat upon a rough picket fence, beneath the spreading branches of an enormous oak, surrounded by thick, trailing vines, and looked positively weird. He was bareheaded and barefooted, and was dressed in a pair of trousers and a shirt, the size of which suggested the idea that they had been made for a much larger person. His face was almost devoid of expression, but his large, black eyes had a strange, wild look in them that was in keeping with his surroundings. His lean, muscular appearance betokened one whose life had been passed amid rough surroundings, and the nervous grasp of his fingers that clutched his banjo indicated a highly strung temperament. The instrument upon which he had been playing he now held idly in his hand, and I noticed that it was silver mounted and apparently of elegant finish. His hat lay before him upon the ground, and was apparently as much too large for him as his other clothes. His eyes roamed restlessly around as though seeking something, he knew not what.

At last he saw me, and, jumping down from the fence, he grasped his hat and started to run. I called out to him, and stepping he looked at me with a timid, frightened glance, while into his eyes came that hunted, suspicious look that is the peculiar characteristic of the insane. I approached him slowly and held out my hand. To my surprise he took it and stood looking at me with his large staring eyes. When I asked him how far I was from any house, he said:

"I'm Sam. Marv Artur sabs my life. Some day I give it back to him. Sam (Concluded on fourth page.)

**THE CAPITAL JOURNAL.**

HOFER BROTHERS, - - - Editors.

PUBLISHED DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAY, BY THE

Capital Journal Publishing Company.

(Incorporated.) Office, Commercial Street, in P. O. Building entered at the postoffice at Salem, Or., as second-class matter.

ALONG THE FRUIT PALACE LINE.

There is wealth and renown for this section of Oregon along the line of the fruit palace idea. The combination of climate and soil backed and fertilized by the enterprise of a wide awake people is productive of the greatest prosperity. The highest possible wealth production is attainable in the Willamette valley. It will take but a moment to prove this.

We have soils of the greatest natural fertility. We have sufficient rainfall to obviate the necessity of irrigation. We have a climate sufficiently temperate to produce the acid fruits in greatest demand for consumption and at the same time sustain a hard working population. Above all we have cheap fuel, good water and the necessities of life are comparatively cheap.

In nearness to market this fruit region has advantages over any other. It is within 12 to 16 hours of the great shipping markets on Puget sound. It is within 75 to 80 hours of the Chicago market, the greatest fruit market in the world. It is 30 to 48 hours nearer Chicago, New York, Omaha, Denver, St. Paul and other distributing points than California.

Why should not this region develop to the greatest degree its fruit interests? It will do so. It can be made to do so. Something has been done. A great deal more must be done. The fruit palace is a step in the right direction. This direction must be steadily kept in view until the greatest success is achieved and our fruit lands be worth \$500 to \$1000 an acre.

There is no excuse for remaining inactive along the fruit line. No other interest can do for this region what the fruit interest can if properly developed. Now is the time to develop it. We must show at the state fair to the thousands of visitors what they could see if we could take them into our orchards. The riches and wealth of fruit in these orchards would convince the most stubborn that this is the richest, most productive fruit territory in the world. This is what the fruit palace will show to them.

With a proper degree of enterprise and enthusiasm the Marion county fruit exhibition at the state fair can be made to surpass any fruit show ever seen on earth. The result rests very largely with those who grow fruit. It is for them to show what they have. A bushel or a peck of the finest selected from each grower in a radius of twenty miles would produce a result that would astonish the tens of thousands at our state fair and still more the contributors themselves. It remains with these producers themselves to push the country along this line.

RAILROAD OR PEOPLE?

Which shall be master in Oregon? That is the issue. The folly of the managers has raised this issue, by their decision to refuse to accept the freight rates as fixed by the commission. The rates went into effect Sept. 1, and the railroad managers refuse to put them in force because they propose reductions from 10 to 15 per cent. They will not obey them until forced to do so by the railroad commission suing the companies, and then the companies will take appeals to the highest courts. This will delay the relief expected beyond the season for marketing the present crop and perhaps another. By forcing the commission into court the railroads will be given opportunity to exhaust every possible legal technicality and flaw of legislation. In a general way it may be said that commission laws have been sustained by the courts of nearly all states and by the federal courts. The Oregon law has little fears of the court. It is copied after the law of older states and has passed through the most severe trial of adjudications, both state and federal. Unless there was a defect in the passage of the law, its constitutionality can hardly be assailed. The only place for a contention will be over the facts as to whether the rate fixed by the commission is just and reasonable. This fact must be determined by a jury upon evidence and instructions. The attorney general of Oregon is already looking up the cases in the states after which the Oregon law was copied.

The railroad managers are making a sad mistake in resisting the proposed commission rates, and basing their resistance upon the theory that their lines are not profitable. Watered stock, official salaries and immense sums used to corrupt legislatures and congress, and maintain lobbies to defeat public men and measures—all these things will rise up as ghosts in the public mind to defeat them.

A railroad that costs \$10,000 a mile to build and that is being taxed on

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Food Report.

**Royal Baking Powder**  
 ABSOLUTELY PURE

Its freight and passenger traffic to pay profit on \$70,000 a mile, comes into court with a poor grace to resist reductions. The manipulation of the Southern Pacific and its connected properties has placed \$150,000,000 to \$200,000,000 into the possession of a few men and enriched scores of smaller fry hundreds of thousands.

It is in the interest of such wholesale public robberies that every effort to lighten the burdens of producers is met with resistance. The alleged losses of these roads are the best reasons in the world for reducing their incomes, because they have virtually been the public losses. The commission should welcome the contest with these corporations as an opportunity to show up in the courts the corruption that is so expensive a load on the public.

HAS OREGON A STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION?

Oregon has important educational institutions and immense educational interests. Oregon has a law creating a state board of education. But it is a matter of doubt whether Oregon has now or has had for some time a state board of education. The alleged board is composed of the governor, secretary of state and state superintendent of schools, but it has only a species of alleged existence. By the merest shred of technicality can any member of this alleged important board claim that it has had a legal existence in any sense. The testimony of the superintendent of the blind school is that the board has not had a meeting in a year when all three members have been present. At most two were called on one brief occasion, and then only to consider a question of whitewashing an outhouse, or some such trivial matter. THE JOURNAL has made several attempts to get Governor Penney to say when and how often the state board of education had met. But he always avoided the matter as tho' it were not altogether pleasant.

If it is a fact that this most important of all state boards does not meet and does not as a board dispatch the business by law entrusted to it, it is not a complimentary state of affairs to the board or to the people. The board of school lands, the asylum board, the various other boards composed of state officials do meet regularly. Then why not the other important educational board? Are the crazy, the borrowers, and convicts so much more important to the state than those whose duty it has become by law to educate?

The last legislature has placed a new institution in charge of this board that never meets, or has any actual existence as such. Yet some one connected with the board has given out the following to be published:

The law passed by the last legislature providing for the control of the reform school says it shall be directly under the control and management of the reform school board—consisting of governor, secretary and superintendent—and it is difficult to see just how this board can deputize authority to the superintendent, Rules and regulations for its government are now being prepared for adoption by the board.

The board referred to is the same defunct do-nothing board of education. How it will manage another institution and prepare and adopt rules for its government when it never meets and has virtually neglected and refused to adopt rules for another state institution, is a mystery. It is passing mysterious how a state board that manifests none of the ordinary phenomena of existence can take under its wing another important state institution. The people of Oregon have a right to an administration of its state institutions that is more tangible and less mysterious than this whole state board of education.

The Democratic newspapers can take cold comfort referring to Hon. Binger Herman as a handshaker, etc. They have no one in their own party that can stand up and be counted by the people alongside him.

One section of a new school law is as follows: It shall be the duty of the clerks of all the school districts in the state of Oregon to report to the school superintendent the names of all deaf-mute or blind youth residing within their districts, who are between the ages of 6 and 14.

Strawberryries.

Guide to strawberry culture and descriptive catalogue of twenty varieties, free by mail or calling on E. Hofer, JOURNAL office, Salem, Or. 42w

TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES.

Associated Press Report and Digests of all Important News for To-Day.

MISCELLANY.

GOVERNOR OF WARSAW.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 5.—The appointment of General Komeraff as governor of Warsaw has been coldly received by the Russian Poles, as the general has a high reputation for severity in putting down dissension. While governor-general of the Transcaucasian he had an execution nearly every day of nomad natives who had violated some trivial regulation of which they were ignorant. Among Komeraff's victims was the wife of a Russian army officer. The wife, a young woman not long married, was accused of nihilism. Komeraff, who knew no higher law than the will of the czar, held a one-sided trial, and sentenced the lady to Siberia. Her husband, a captain, committed suicide. Komeraff is acknowledged to be an able commander, and his appointment to Warsaw may mean that he is wanted where his military services will be needed.

TROUBLE OF RUSSIA.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 5.—A party of officials sent to kill animals infected with disease, in order to prevent the disease from spreading, was attacked at Malokop by a crowd of inhabitants. A detachment of cosacks, ordered to quell the disturbance, was received with a shower of stones. The cosacks then fired a volley, killing seventeen persons and wounding many others. Peasants near Vitna have murdered the wife and family of a Jew who bought up several millions rubles' worth of rye.

THE ARMY MANEUVERS.

LONDON, Sept. 5.—The German maneuvers in Alsace-Lorraine are not on the same large scale as those which the German kaiser is witnessing in Austria, but they are exciting a good deal more interest across the frontier in France, where the French are also going through the evolutions of mimic war. The German military display does not attract the same admiration and attention as the French among the surrounding people. The Alsacians ignore the parade just as sullenly as they did twenty years ago, when the Germans took possession. A Paris correspondent who has visited Alsace says there is no genuine change in the attachment of the people to France, and that the Germans are looked upon as a foreign garrison. Both Germans and French are using smokeless powder, and the old powder seems to have been finally discarded, or at least relegated to use in fighting the savages of Africa, where the noise is a potent factor in successful combat. The Germans have stood the marching well, and it is, perhaps, of some interest, in view of the troubled condition of European affairs, that long marching has so far been the chief feature of the maneuvers.

WAR PREPARATIONS.

BERLIN, Sept. 5.—A Vienna dispatch says that the Russian villages near the Russo-Austrian frontier are thronged with soldiers. The frontier guards, who used to be merely gendarmes to prevent smuggling, have given place to whole regiments permanently quartered at every available point, and ready to act as a strong advance guard in pouring into the Russian empire in the event of war. Observation towers are being built close to the frontier, and the Russians are also planning the like erection of three or four large forts to form bases for an invading army. The Russians are also constructing pontoons at Rioni that can be used in crossing the Danube. Some of the pontoons are ninety-six feet long and eighteen feet wide, and others are 150 feet long. They are forwarded as rapidly as possible to the various places where pontoons might be required.

WANT IN IRELAND.

LONDON, Sept. 5.—Right Hon. W. L. Jackson, member of parliament for Leeds, financial secretary of the treasury, and Sir H. E. Maxwell, member of parliament, a junior lord of the treasury, both conservatives, who have returned to London, after a tour of Ireland, undertaken on the behalf of the treasury for the purpose of inquiring into the status of the relief works, such as railways, etc., carried on under the auspices of the government, state the fund raised